HENRY JAMES OF BOSTON, By Van Wyck Brooks

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The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXII No. 12 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1940 FIFTEEN CENTS

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By N. Machiavelli

"DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG"
By James Norman Hall
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"THROUGH THE HOUSE DOOR"
By Helen Hull
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"ANYA"
By Joy Davidman
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THE REAL FICTION IN WESTERN STORIES
By Hurst Julian

"NEW WORLD CHALLENGE TO IMPERIALISM"
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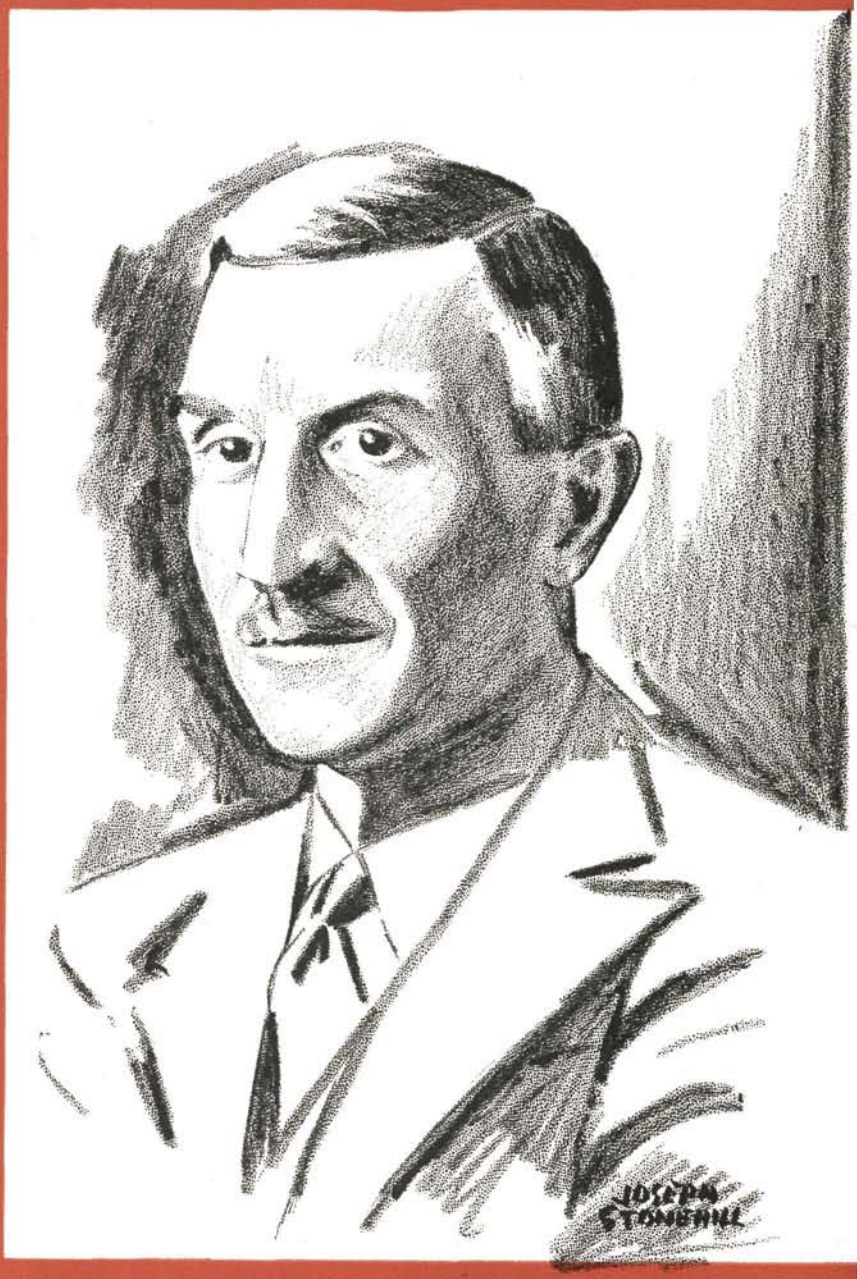

JAMES NORMAN HALL can produce an eminently satisfying book without sounding one portentous note . . . *(See page 5)*

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PERSONALS

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(CLASSIFIED *continued on page 22*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Drawing by Karp.

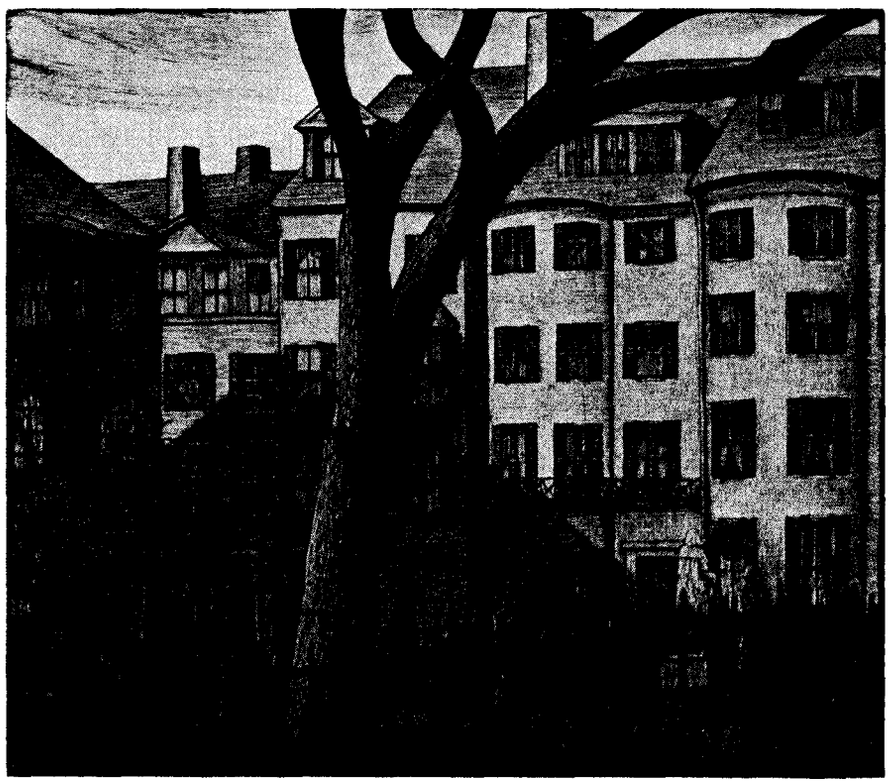
Henry James of Boston

VAN WYCK BROOKS

HENRY JAMES had crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, trying to solve his great dilemma, whether to live at home or to live in Europe. For James believed that art was a European secret: he had much more to learn than a European. Did he not feel, at times—he later implied it, when he said the tale was "documentary,"—as the painter Theobald felt, in "The Madonna of the Future?"—"We are condemned to be superficial. We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor little barren, artificial deposit. Yes, we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense; we have neither taste, nor tact, nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so." He certainly felt this at moments; and nothing more actively spurred him on to prove that his misgivings were not true. The great craftsman that he became was the product of all these motives, and he finished his apprenticeship in Paris. He had been stirred to a passion of emulation, a "rage of determination to *do,* and triumph."

At the end of a year, however, James moved to London. He had wearied of the company of the French writers. Much as he had gained from them, he had not found them congenial: they sometimes reminded him of a pirates' cave. Aside from their craft, they had no interests, and they struck him as brutal, exclusive, corrupt, and complacent. They had no vision, no humanity, no taste for the intangible; and, besides, he could not endure their Bohemian ways. They often shocked Turgeniev, the gentle Russian giant, and they shocked this young American ten times more so. He felt, for the rest, an outsider in Paris. He felt that he could not establish relations in France; and to know the great world of Europe, to penetrate its secrets — this had been James's object in coming abroad. He had tried Italy before he went to Paris and found that he could not pierce behind the scenes. "I feel forever how Europe keeps holding one at arm's length," he wrote in one of his letters, "and condemning one to a meager scraping of the surface." And again: "What is the meaning of this destiny of desolate exile—this dreary necessity of having month after month to do without our friends for the sake of this arrogant old Europe which so little befriends us?" On the continent he could not hope for any initiation, although he felt he had grasped in Italy "what might be meant by the life of art." In "Transatlantic Sketches," he had pictured his rambles through Tuscany, with a volume of

From the drawing of Louisburg Square, Boston, by T. W. Nason.



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Stendhal in his pocket, his rides on the Campagna and his starlit nights in Venice, amid the accumulations of the festal past; and he often returned to Italy later for its "tonic picturesqueness" and "all its mellowed harmonies of tint and contour." There he had found the remnants of Story's circle, "much broken up," or "broken down"; and there he had written some of his earlier stories, among them "The Madonna of the Future." Suggested by Balzac's "Le Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu," this also suggested the life of Washington Allston, before whose unfinished "Belshazzar's Feast," over which the painter had toiled at home, James had lingered long, with sad misgivings. He had "lived it over," the painter's nostalgia, the "grim synthetic fact of Cambridgeport," where Allston's beautiful talent had wasted away. He had also partly written in Florence the first of his important novels, the story of the sculptor, Roderick Hudson; and it was in Florence that he met Sargent, who gave him the idea of "The Aspern Papers." Sargent had known Jane Clairmont, who had died in Florence, the mother of Byron's Allegra and the friend of Shelley. In the same house with old Miss Clairmont and her middle-aged niece there had lived an ardent collector of Shelleyana, an American, Captain Silsbee of Salem, who longed to procure from Miss Clairmont her jealously guarded collection of Shelley papers. Silsbee, who happened to be in America when Miss Clairmont died, rushed back at once to secure the papers, which the old-maid niece agreed to give him if he would accept herself as part of the bargain. Thereupon Silsbee fled, and lost the treasure. Such was the germ of one of James's finest stories, as he received it from Sargent.

Meanwhile, James had been drawn to London as one of the many "American claimants" for whom it was a paradise as well as a world. He approached it in a spirit of reverence and awe that somewhat suggested Howells's at the gates of Boston. Had he not shared all the emotions of his "passionate pilgrim," who felt that England should have been his home? Could it be his home? Could he understand it? These were questions for the future. At present, so far as introductions went—James was under the wing of Lowell and Norton—he was soon in the centre of the picture. He shared the prerogatives of travelling Americans in realms that native writers seldom entered. As for the rest, he applied himself to the study of English ways and types with his usual assiduity and firmness of purpose. Hawthorne in Rome had seemed to him to prove that a novelist could not "project himself into an atmosphere in which he had not a transmitted and inherited property." But what could not be done by observation? It was the doctrine of his friends in Paris that one could "get up" any subject, that one could master any field or world, provided one lived sufficiently in one's ears and one's eyes. Zola had recently got up Rome with a Baedeker and a visit of four or five weeks. If Hawthorne had been more observant, he might have done so—and what could not a novelist do with a lifetime? James submitted himself to the "Londonizing process." He dined out almost every evening; by day and by night he roamed the streets. He "went everywhere," shy, sedate, grave, and watchful, with his guarded, formal manner and his dark brown beard. He had a flat in Kensington, but he moved about the country freely. One of his favorite retreats was an inn at Torquay, and once he worked for a while on the Irish coast; and he stayed on the Normandy coast, at Bayonne, at Dover. He spent a summer at Broadway with Sargent, Abbey, and Millet, the American painters, and he usually went to Paris for a month each year. In 1881-82, he returned for a year to America, and he wandered over the continent between whiles. "A Little Tour in France," the best of his earlier books of travel, was the fruit of a jaunt through Balzac's country.

Meanwhile, in a rapid succession of novels and stories, James pictured the world of wanderers that he knew so well, the Americans in Europe whom he had watched as a child, whom he was encountering in his peregrinations. Who were these Americans, and what were the motives that drew them abroad? Most of them were products of the post-war years. There had always been Gallophiles in Paris and Anglophiles in London, and James pictured these older American types as well, along with the "esthetic" colonists in Rome and Florence. But the sudden growth of wealth at home accounted for most of the travellers, together with the spread of a feeling for culture. The drop of the national thermometer had alienated many, who had lost interest in their country; and the absorption of men in business had provided their families with money to spend and driven them abroad for romance or amusement. While the vast majority lived at home, just as Howells pictured them, hordes were governed by these motives. They felt they had no function at home any longer. The men, who existed to make money, had ceased to care for the

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 420 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President; Heinz Norden, Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXII, No. 12, July 13, 1940. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Old Salt of the Tortoise Tavern

DOCTOR DOGBODY'S LEG. By James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 371 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN, JR.

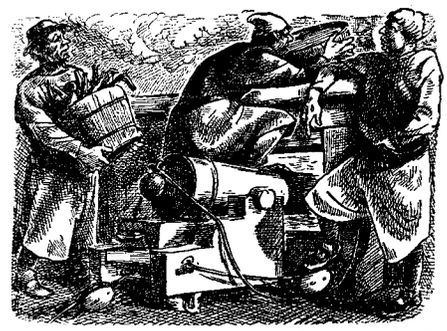
IN a respite from the strenuous work of collaboration, one of our favorite tellers of tales presents us with a collection of delectable yarns. Readers with a relish for pleasantly incredible adventure handled with all the zest, dexterity, and sportsmanship of a master fisherman playing a trout, should find in them an irresistible escape from the gloom of the present and of the past century during which it has been gathering. Doctor Dogbody was a lively relic of another and less straitened age and a repository of its witty and irrepressible spirit.

As a surgeon in the Royal Navy, retired at the end of the Napoleonic Wars, he had a full life to draw upon in regaling his cronies of the Tortoise Tavern in Plymouth with his experiences—a very full life. He had been present at the victory of Copenhagen and seen it effected partly through the agency of a waxen effigy substituted for a drunken officer lying below decks. Having saved the life of Catherine of Russia by a command operation, he was very nearly devoured by wolves under the Imperial eyes Themselves—a fate which he regarded as only slightly more trying than that which he had been led to anticipate by her affectionate attentions. As an unlikely consequence of missing his ship at Capetown while off exploring the interior, mounted on an ostrich, he was happily instrumental in bringing a Spanish prize to England and establishing the fortunes of a penniless lieutenant with eleven unmarried daughters. Not only was he a friend of Linnaeus's and of Benjamin Franklin's; he could claim credit for bringing to England its first cargo of West Indian oranges—a result of being blown off his course while cruising idly in a slaver of which he had taken command in order to recompense its captives for their wretched lot with an idyllic interlude among the Caribbean isles. In these and the many other exploits Dogbody recalls, his own part was a modest one as he portrays it, though in every case it resulted in the loss of his leg.

From the book.

Doctor Dogbody

Deriving from the doctor's own individuality and that of the memorable subsidiary characters, the warmth and spontaneity of these reminiscences, consistently droll as they are, however bloody the action, however acute the danger that threatens, are highly infectious. No small part of their charm is accounted for by their language. Racy and salty with the flavor of the eighteenth century and of the sea, replete with the most colorful expletives, its polish yet remains uncompromised. In "Doctor Dogbody's Leg," James Norman Hall demonstrates that he can work within a circumscribed compass and never muddy the surrounding waters by a single false step, that without sounding one portentous note he can produce an eminently satisfying book. And that surely, is a test of a writer's skill.



From the book.

Kitchen police conference.

New York Women

THROUGH THE HOUSE DOOR. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1940. 264 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN this story of three generations of women in New York, two of them caught in marital situations not easily borne and the third looking from youth to the attainment of a maturity which will be no longer troubled by changing ideals and values, Helen Hull has written an honest and competent novel of modern New Yorkers. But it would be a better book if its craftsmanship were not quite so perfect and the pitifulness and the passions of its people seemed more a part of life and less a part of a design.

Miss Hull has undertaken—and with wisdom—a study of women who work and of men who live upon their working. Agatha, the eldest of the three generations and a grandmother who does not seem one, took her Humbert in the midst of her success and maturity as a writer, and his middle-aged philandering with her car and her money is a humiliation almost past bearing. But Beatrice, her daughter, only went to her swift success as radio adviser to women after her brilliant and sensitive Julian was driven within himself by the half blindness which broke his career as research scientist. Their daughter, young Leslie, faces their division in partisanship for her father.

It is part of the design that Agatha and her Humbert came to satisfactory relationship despite her feeling that a fed lover should be a grateful and faithful one and his aging vanity which found such a love a prison. There is a comic quality about the troubles of Agatha and Humbert even when she lies, possibly dying, in the hospital. Miss Hull's first concern is for Beatrice and Julian, the darkness which divides them, and their way back to a shared light. At the last Beatrice does not fool even herself in the pretense that her lively new life with a lover waiting in it is either conscientious bread-winning or satisfactory living. Julian pecks his way in blindness on the typewriter keyboard to escape from uselessness and despair. The happy ending is the beginning of wisdom for them all.

It is a good story enlivened with understanding, close to the reality of nice people in the apartment houses. It is all written with a sure touch in a craftsmanship admirable always. Yet somehow the book seems only as half lit with emotion as Julian's world of the half blind. There is, indeed, a good deal of light in it but not any fire.

Jonathan Daniels is the author of "A Southerner Discovers New England" and "A Southerner Discovers the South."

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Gertrude Stein's France

PARIS FRANCE. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1940. 120 pages. With 8 reproductions of paintings, 4 in color. $2.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD E. STEARNS

THE late Gilbert K. Chesterton once gave an ingenious parallel between the styles and philosophies of Meredith and Hardy. The literary approach of the first, he said, was notoriously complicated and to many obscure; that of the second was as notoriously simple and clear. Meredith, however, was an optimist, and his involutions and stylistic peculiarities were like the cheerful but sometimes inarticulate whistling of a man with a happy heart; while Hardy was a pessimist, and his directness and adoption of the concise and forthright were like the short articulate cries of a man for help.

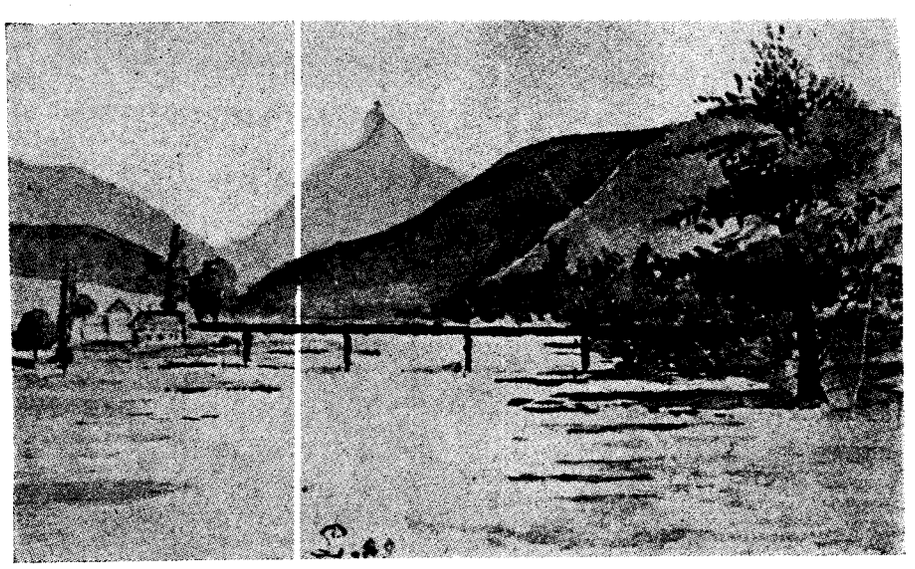
I could not help but think of this contrast in reading Gertrude Stein's latest book, "Paris France." For once Miss Stein is concise, forthright, clear, and articulate—almost as if she hadn't time to bother to be anything else, almost as if she had forgotten to be literary. She wants to tell you what Paris and France and the French have meant to her; she wants to tell it to you simply and quickly; she wants you not to forget the civilization France represents and the spirit of order and frugality and moderation and good sense that is the instinctive tradition of every Frenchman—and so fervently does she want you not to forget, so much from her whole heart, that she has no time to waste in tricks of language. For once she has a simple, clear message. Language becomes again what it is in its origin—communication, the giving of an intelligent report. For once she has largely forgotten about esthetic effects and how to string words together for intrinsic reasons of their own; the force of reality has burned away all false symbolism.

To be sure, a few of the old tricks remain—of spelling, blurring sentences, misuse of capitals, lack of punctuation—but they are hangovers which surprise rather than intrigue you. They serve to startle you into suddenly realizing that you are reading a Gertrude Stein who has chosen to become sane again in an insane world. The war has shocked her back again into that basic and native good sense which constitutes with her, as with everybody else, whatever real claim she has to genius. Go back to her earliest stories and her first book, "Three Lives," and see how, after years of wandering in the dalliance paths of verbal phantasmagoria, she has instinctively returned to an almost traditional use of the English language. Now that the reader does not have to put most of his attention on style (and is not the greatest style, after all, the one of which you are not aware?), he becomes interested less in Stein and more in that to which she calls attention. The subject has at last dominated and determined the manner of treating it. She may not realize it herself, but the civilization of France has finally conquered her rebellious and intransigeant spirit. Just as all the pre-war literary "schools" of Paris—the Surrealists, the Fantasists, the Involutionists, and all the rest—have suddenly, in the glare of a dive-bombing reality, only a faint historical interest, so for Gertrude Stein, too, many of her own earlier *jeux d'esprit* (composed when one had time, in a peaceful world, to be absurd and playful) must now seem archaic and unreal. It is not so much that the manner has gone as that the subject has remained. In which, I believe, we have an advance reflection of what will happen also to French writers themselves. They likewise will return to the real French tradition of clearness and good sense and moderation—and may they ultimately cure their temporary conquerors with this spiritual vitamin.

Gertrude Stein returns to the English language.

Every person who has lived in France—in fact or in imagination—has his own answer. This book gives Gertrude Stein's answer, brief as it is. For by her, too, the truth of the old saying is once more illustrated: everyone has two countries; his own — and France. She has a good deal to say about French dogs, country cooking versus Paris restaurants, the strong attachment to and dependence upon their mothers of most Frenchmen, their fashions, their purer latinity (yes, keep the small letter) as compared with the Italians and the Spaniards. "To be latin," she shrewdly observes, "was to be civilized to be logical and to be fashionable"—and their native revolutionary tendency. She is worth a hundred dreary expositions when she writes: "All Frenchmen know that you have to become civilized between eighteen and twenty-three and that civilization comes upon you by contact with an older woman, by revolution, by army discipline, by any escape or by any subjections, and then you are civilized and life goes on normally in a latin way, life is then peaceful and exciting, life is then civilized, logical and fashionable in short life is life."

For myself, I found many substantial plums in this small pudding of a book.



Painting by Pierlot from the book.

Landscape near Belley.

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MEMORANDUM

To: A. HITLER

From: N. MACHIAVELLI

Subject: YOU MIGHT AT LEAST HAVE GIVEN ME CREDIT FOR THE FOLLOWING:

A DICTATOR* should have no care or thought but for war, and for the regulations and training it requires, and should apply himself exclusively to this as his peculiar province; for war is the sole art looked for in one who rules, and is of such efficacy that it not merely maintains those who are born dictators, but often enables men to rise to that eminence from a private station; while, on the other hand, we often see that when dictators devote themselves rather to pleasure than to arms, they lose their dominions. And as neglect of this art is the prime cause of such calamities, so to be a proficient in it is the surest way to acquire power. Francesco Sforza, from his renown in arms, rose from privacy to be Duke of Milan, while his descendants, seeking to avoid the hardships and fatigues of military life, from being dictators fell back into privacy. For among other causes of misfortune which your not being armed brings upon you, it makes you despised, and this is one of those reproaches against which, as shall presently be explained, a dictator ought most carefully guard.

Between an armed and an unarmed man no proportion holds, and it is contrary to reason to expect that the armed man should voluntarily submit to him who is unarmed, or that the unarmed man should stand secure among armed retainers. For with contempt on one side, and distrust on the other, it is impossible that men should work well together. Wherefore, as has already been said, a dictator who is ignorant of military affairs, besides other disadvantages, can neither be respected by his soldiers, nor can he trust them. A dictator, therefore, ought never to allow his attention to be diverted from warlike pursuits, and should occupy himself with them even more in peace than in war. This he can do in two ways, by practice or by study.

As to the practice, he ought, besides keeping his soldiers well trained and disciplined, to be constantly engaged in the chase, that he may inure his body to hardships and fatigue, and gain at the same time a knowledge of places, by observing how the mountains slope, the valleys open, and the plains spread; acquainting himself with the character of rivers and marshes, and giving the greatest attention to this subject. Such knowledge is useful to him in two ways; for first, he learns thereby to know his own country, and to understand better how it may be defended; and next, from his familiar acquaintance with its localities, he readily comprehends the character of other districts when obliged to observe them for the first time. For the hills, valleys, plains, rivers, and marshes of Tuscany, for example, have a certain resemblance to those elsewhere; so that from a knowledge of the natural features of that province, similar knowledge in respect of other provinces may readily be gained. The dictator who is wanting in this kind of knowledge, is wanting in the first qualification of a good captain, for by it he is taught how to surprise an enemy, how to choose an encampment, how to lead his army on a march, how to array it for battle, and how to post it to the best advantage for a siege.

Among the commendations which Philopoemon, dictator of the Achaians, has received from historians is this—that in times of peace he was always thinking of methods of warfare, so that when walking in the country with his friends he would often stop and talk with them on the subject. "If the enemy," he would say, "were posted on that hill, and we found ourselves here with our army, which of us would have the better position? How could we most safely and in the best order advance to meet them? If we had to retreat, what direction should we take? If they retired, how should we pursue?" In this way he put to his friends, as he went along, all the contingencies that can befall an army. He listened to their opinions, stated his own, and supported them with reasons; and from his being constantly occupied with such meditations, it resulted, that when in actual command no complication could ever present itself with which he was not prepared to deal.

As to the mental training of which we have spoken, a dictator should read histories, and in these should note the actions of great men, observe how they conducted themselves in their wars, and examine the causes of their victories and defeats, so as to avoid the latter and imitate them in the former. And above all, he should, as many great men of past ages have done, assume for his models those persons who before his time have been renowned and celebrated, whose deeds and achievements he should constantly keep in mind, as it is related that Alexander the Great sought to resemble Achilles, Caesar Alexander, and Scipio Cyrus. And any one who reads the life of this last-named hero, written by Xenophon, recognizes afterwards in the life of Scipio, how much this imitation was the source of his glory, and how nearly in his chastity, affability, kindliness, and generosity, he conformed to the character of Cyrus as Xenophon describes it.

*The word "dictator," present-day equivalent for Machiavelli's "Prince," has been substituted for that term throughout this excerpt.

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TOWARD AN HONEST CONFLICT OF OPINIONS

THIS is written on Independence Day, and with a deep sense of thankfulness that, for more than a century and a half, these United States have been able to work out their destiny with no major interference from abroad. Isolated we have never been, and never can be, but no Hitler has ever given us "permission" to scuttle our ships, and no empire has subjected our policies to imperial needs. Deeply dependent upon Europe, we have nevertheless made our own literature, our own laws, and our own economy. We have formed an American tradition, hard to define, easy to feel, and, in spite of the shocks of two wars and one major depression, we live by it.

Those who are responsible for leadership in American thinking are, just for this reason, in grave danger of substituting comfortable words for realities. They are conscious of and sensitive to the movements of thought and the emotion that accompanies it. It is to them that this editorial is directed.

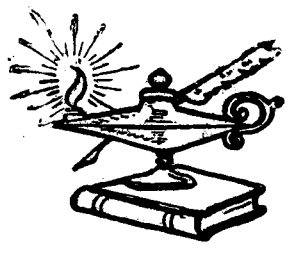
We are independent; we have to a remarkable extent, even the recently alien stocks among us, adopted a common tradition, but we are not unified. Here some clear thinking is urgently needed, for the fact that our tradition of freedom, opportunity, and respect for the individual differs so sharply from the traditions of a now crescent central Europe, is very likely to result in a blind dependence upon our way of life to see us through in crises. Read the papers and magazines, turn on the radio, and you will read or hear man after man and woman after woman speaking of freedom, liberty, democracy, as if everyone knew what they were and practiced them, and of communism, maxism, fascism, dictatorism, as if everyone knew what they were, and precisely why they were to be disliked. But approached by things instead of by words—by local situations, by the way the family on Jackson Street, by what Smith thinks is the matter with the country compared with what McCollister thinks—there is no such simplicity.

Like France, like Norway, like Belgium, this country is not unified. At least ninety per cent of it wants to see the dictatorships defeated, or kept within bounds. About ninety per cent of it, at the very least, prefers what may be fairly called the American way of life to any way now being developed in the continents of Europe and Asia. That is about as far as our unity goes. Is it far enough?

CERTAINLY not. And yet a simple, and, just now, dangerously neglected distinction between various kinds of national unities, was never in so great need of restatement. To restate it is to be platitudinous, yet it may safely be said that what the United States needs at the moment is a hearty dose of platitudes, provided they represent things and not merely words.

We cannot have complete unity in this country and keep it American. The last year of George Washington's second administration was embittered by what he called partisanship, but what we now recognize as the healthy and inevitable clash between parties, both of whom were loyal to the republic, but with different ideas as to how to make it successful. The essence of unity in a republic is this kind of disunity, because by such differences growth and change are made possible, and such decay in a political system as has been visible in France, and such failure in the representation of the people as has been obvious in England of the thirties, are insured against. There may be more efficient ways of running a country, but not if a reasonable individual freedom is to be preserved. But when this disunity, this split of opinion as to how to get what you can from the state without disrupting it, gets confused with a different kind of disunity, then there is trouble ahead. There is trouble now.

The results of this pathological disunity, which is so different from a fair fight between parties for majority control, are numerous and often obscure, its causes simple. Head waggings over "this man," an unresisted desire to call everyone you do not like a capitalist or a communist, attempts to brand every political doctrine with which you do not agree as "subversive," without regard to whether it originated in Iowa or Moscow, racial attacks—one might say especially racial attacks—are all symptoms of a diseased disunity in the state. On the top, such emotional outbursts, which are getting commoner and commoner as our political temperature heats from Europe in flames, are emotional blow-offs, frequently signifying nothing unusual or important. We have by no means yet reached the violence of the Jeffersonian or the Jacksonian controversies, which the republic rather easily survived. But at bottom this disunity is a crack in loyalty to the difficult ideal of the American democratic system. It represents an unwillingness to persuade the opposition, a desire to get rid of it by violence if necessary, a yearning for a "purge." And if this suppressed desire for a disunity which will lead to the elimination of minorities breaks through the American tradition, it will wreck that tradition, and end the great American experiment in self-government.



We are, as a nation, no less united, no less self-willed, no less emotional than any other nation. Our only advantage is a tradition of respect for differences of opinion within the bounds of loyalty to a system which has been reasonably successful in politics, and not, by comparison with others, unsuccessful in economics, for more than one hundred and fifty years.

SOME appeal gets through the mails almost every day, so one more may be permitted. This is an appeal to the responsible for clear thinking on national unity. It is an appeal for sharper differences in opinion, for a more vital and vigorous interest in national problems. It is a call to action, not an excuse for escape from public opinion and public life. But it is equally an appeal to the intelligent to keep their objectives clear: not to let hate poison anger, not to let prejudice be substituted for opinion, not to allow violent, or reactionary or radical groups, to get away with a program that says "we are the American people, the rest have no rights." It is no question now of hanging together or hanging separately, though it may well become so. It is the much more immediate problem of shaping an all American control by an honest conflict of opinions, instead of grabbing old stinkpots of native prejudices, or foreign bombs, to eliminate inconvenient minorities, or blow up the whole system of representative government majorities.

Think it out and then help others to think more clearly than many seem to be doing today.

H. S. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Instead of prolonging discussion over a period of weeks on the note from Charles A. Beard appearing immediately below, his letter and the ensuing correspondence were passed around among the principals and is completed (we think) in the following series of communications:

The Question . . .

SIR:—After reading Mr. Lerner's review of Mr. Frank and Mr. Frank's review of Mr. Lerner, I find myself in utter confusion as to what these eminent men are talking about. The fault is mine of course and I confess it. But it would help me to understand their language if each of them would write down in plain English five things (numbered) which he wants the United States to do now under his grand philosophy of the universe. Thanks.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New Milford, Conn.

. . . And the Answers

SIR:—I feel too deeply indebted to the author of "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," a book which nourished me and without which I might not readily have come to grips with American facts, to enter into a controversy with Charles A. Beard upon the facetious level of his letter. These are not jesting times. And when Mr. Beard says he does not know what Max Lerner and I are talking about, he is either joking in rather bad taste, or something has happened to his mind before which I prefer to keep silent. I have never felt that Mr. Beard had the imaginative equipment, the sensitivity to esthetic forms and to the imponderables of the human spirit, to be a deep interpreter of our country. And in the blindness of his present attitudes toward American immersement in a world at crisis, I see one of the end-results of his uncreative philosophy and vision. Nevertheless, I do not wish to forget his great contribution to the clarification of American facts. As to "the five things (numbered)" which he wants me to set down, I have recently written, "in plain English" I believe, my sense of our crisis, my project of a program for American action, and, implicitly, my criticism of Mr. Beard's position: it is contained in as brief form as possible in a volume entitled "Chart for Rough Waters." If Mr. Beard will read the book, I shall be honored to send him a copy.

WALDO FRANK.

New York City.

SIR:—Are you sure it was Charles Beard who wrote that letter? I seem to remember a book by Mr. Beard

"I've got the Sandburg "Lincoln" down to four pages, but of course, that's only a first draft. . . ."

called "The Discussion of Human Affairs," published (if I can recall correctly—I do not have it with me now) in 1936, and lambasting the people who make the discussion of human affairs over-simple and over-rigid. Human societies, Mr. Beard tells us in that book, are very complex, very tangled, and our thinking about them must not too rudely break the web. Was that the same Charles Beard who now calls for simplicity, like any business man asking an intellectual to reduce his ideas to a page?

Mr. Frank's book was not about programs but about ideas: hence my review of it was also a review about ideas. If Mr. Beard wants to know what I think America should do concretely, he will find it in my review of his own book and Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell's in the *New Republic*, which I published under the title, "In the Hour of Decision." However, I am perfectly happy to give Mr. Beard my five-point program for America today:

1) Help Great Britain to the full extent of our capacity;

2) Face the realities of the war, understand that it is an outgrowth of a revolutionary situation, and that we shall not mend the world until we have fulfilled in our own way these revolutionary forces;

3) Adjust our thinking about government and economics in the light of the new revolutionary situation;

4) Reorganize our national defense as part of a vast effort of economic and administrative reorganization, so as to have a collectivist democracy;

5) Make democracy work at home, thereby fulfilling the aspirations of our young people, and insuring our national survival.

MAX LERNER.

Williams College,
Williamstown, Mass.

Completing the Circle

SIR:—Unfortunately for me, no doubt, my mind is so constituted that big words and shimmering rhetoric mean little or nothing to me unless I can see them in terms of private life and action, public life and action. My letter was not written in a jesting spirit, but in an inquiring spirit. Mr. Lerner answers in terms which I can partially understand, in my limited and feeble way; and I thank him. Still I am in something of a quandary. Mr. Lerner says that the United States should "help Great Britain to the full extent of our capacity." Does he mean that we should now declare war on Germany and Italy? If so, where and with what should we fight? Mr. Frank answers by exhibiting his fine sense of superiority and says that he is a better interpreter of America than I am (and hence, by implication, a better citizen). That is a point which I must respectfully submit to the judgment of others—and Time.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New Milford, Conn.

SRL Cover

SIR:—Some time ago you promised a new cover. Well??

M. CONDÉ.

Chicago.

(Editorial note: Any day now . . .)

"St. Nicholas"

SIR:—Do please, tell Ellen W. Foster, who writes to your June 22 issue, that I did know of Harper's "Young People" and delighted in it, but that in my article I confined my mention to those juveniles that preceded "St. Nicholas" with emphasis on those that were absorbed by it. Also, Harper's "Young People" came a little late to register on my memory with the unforgettable impact of the earlier magazines.

My closest association with Harper's "Young People" came when I arrived in New York City in 1891, a young printer seeking a job. I found it at the Harper establishment in Cliff Street with its winding circular staircase in a tower outside the buildings, used by everyone from editor down to printers. The first day I got several "takes" from "Toby Tyler," or, "Ten Weeks with the Circus," by James Otis—as good a boys' story as I have ever read—and was tantalized by my inability to complete the reading of it at the time.

Children are separated, not by generations, but by small groups of years, and Harper's "Young People" delighted the decade that followed "St. Nicholas."

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS.

Lakeville, Conn.

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Honest and Passionate

ANYA. By Joy Davidman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 296 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MISS DAVIDMAN has written the story of an honest and passionate woman. This is among the classic literary subjects. Writers great and small have wrestled with it willingly, and the great have illustrated it with some of the best portraits in writing—we think, among modern examples, of Eustacia Vye and Becky Sharp. So much is prefatory to saying that in what we believe to be her first novel Miss Davidman has produced a portrait that ranks somewhere with these, certainly not far below them.

Whatever the term "first novel" implies, "Anya" is free of it. It is the full-blown, beautifully written work of a keen artistic intelligence. Miss Davidman has a natural flair for fresh and immediate seeing, and a sure knowledge of the swells and starts of emotion. Better, she can write what she sees and knows. If she had chosen to do the popular thing, and had written of a pioneer American girl on one or another of the American frontiers of the eighteenth century, her book, with her talents, would create for her an instant reputation. As it is, her Anya is a Jewess, in the Ukraine of the nineteenth century, and her book will have to succeed on its literary merits, which ought to be enough.

We start with Anya as a little girl, and follow her through adolescence and flowering, through loves sacred and profane but always profound, through the small town of Tulchin and the big one of Odessa, now the swaggering mistress of a lonely and amorous colonel, now back once more in the home of her mild, sweet little husband. Both of these are finely done—Muralov the Russian and Cookeh the Jew—for Miss Davidman is too much the artist to let her book hang awry upon one character. There are a dozen other single characters each thoroughly limned, thoughts, speech, gesture. And there are group studies: the Jews of Tulchin, the Jews of Shpikov, the barracks Russians, the Odessa crowds, the highway felons, the Ukrainian rebels, all adding to a full, major background. The measure of Anya is that against all this she lives, pales it with her vitality. It is in the sheer poetry of Anya's thought and speech that Miss Davidman gives us the best of her writing, and that best is something to read. Her next book does not seem to be a matter of conjecture, for she has already proved herself a consummate writer.

Joy Davidman has a sure knowledge of the swells and starts of emotion.

The Spirit of Hsieh Pingying

GIRL REBEL. The Autobiography of Hsieh Pingying, with extracts from her New War Diaries. Translated by Adet and Anor Lin, with an Introduction by Lin Yutang. New York: John Day Co. 1940. 270 pp., illustrated. $2.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

SUNDAY, July 7, is the third anniversary of the attack at Lukochiao, a spark which ignited the bonfire known in Japan as the "China Incident." For three revolutions of the year have the Chinese people who possess no navy, no tanks, no artillery and but an insignificant airforce, withstood a ruthless enemy well equipped in these vital armaments. One after another, have the avenues of supply been closed to the Chinese, whereas their enemies have drawn freely, from wheresoever convenient; oil, scrap-iron, and other materials required in warfare, a large percentage being obtained from the United States.

During these years the population from immense tracts in China has fled before the invader, the refugees numbering, according to a recent estimate some thirty million people—a migration far out-numbering any of the present movements in Europe. These refugees have faced material ruin, expatriation, famine, disease, all the ills to which a people can be submitted and yet—they are not conquered. On the contrary, they look forward confidently to the eventual collapse of the enemy. Their universities have been obliged to flee from the occupied regions; but have they ceased to function? By no means. In the far interior, students have erected mud houses, have roofed them with straw, have furnished them with desks and stools made of pounded earth and, in the intervals between air-raids, have continued their curriculum. A veritable triumph of the human spirit.

Is this not one of the most incredible situations in a world of incredibilities? How can such things be? Why are the Chinese able to persist when, on every hand, nations, faced with a lesser disparity of power, are falling as card houses fall?

The "Autobiography of Hsieh Pingying" furnishes a reply to these questions. It is a most valuable source book for students of the Chinese situation and for historian of the present movement. A whole nation inspired with the spirit of Hsieh Pingying would, indeed, be unconquerable.

The passionate Girl Rebel, who is now at the front, has great literary ability as is revealed in the translation of her autobiography made by the youthful daughters of Dr. Lin Yutang. It is one of the best renderings from the Chinese that I know. Instead of using, as many of their compatriots do, eighteenth century English peppered with endless *clichés* Adet and Anor have brought over the idiom of their native language. The book is fresh, sincere, and vital.

A striking feature is that Hsieh Pingying betrays no rancour towards the enemy, burning resentment she does feel in regard to the ancient order under which she suffered foot-binding and child betrothal, but in regard to the Japanese she can write as she does in the following typical passage:

> Today, in this bombardment, I thought that the saddest thing in the world is war, the worst thing is war, the biggest thing is war! Every sound of a gun meant the destruction of I don't know how many gardens and houses, the sacrifice of how many lives! We fight because we want to guard our country, the life of the Chinese people. Our soldiers are honored; but the Japanese soldiers die because of the imperialists, they are driven to be cannon fodder and die unworthy. . . .

Florence Ayscough, who frequently appears in these pages, is a lecturer on Chinese literature at the University of Chicago. She is the author of "A Chinese Mirror," "Chinese Women, Yesterday and Today," and she collaborated with Amy Lowell in the translation from the Chinese of "Fir-Flower Tablets."

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The Meaning of the West

NEW WORLD CHALLENGE TO IMPERIALISM. By M. E. Tracy. New York: Coward McCann, Inc. 1940. 395 *pp., and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LAMAR MIDDLETON

MR. TRACY has written in this substantial volume a beguiling primer for Americans not prone to mixing much background reading with their current headlines. He sets out to prove, with as much historical evidence as appears relevant to his indictment, the verity of one of those billowing generalities against "Old World imperialism." The generality is that international peace is feasible if only Europe will embrace the "New World's application to democratic principles on an ever-widening scale," and will formulate a "definite program that embodies the self-evident truth that human happiness is vastly more dependent on what people can do to help each other than on what they can do to hurt each other."

If Europe would only understand and apply "the Democratic ideals which are the heritage of the West," the world could be at peace. Mr. Tracy advances this equation as a political theory. In this "political theory," to use the author's own label, Mr. Tracy is in agreement with not a few colleagues, ranging from Jesus to Rousseau, the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, and thence to the H. G. Wells and Norman Angell of yesterday, and to Aristide Briand, W. I. Jennings, W. E. Rappard, and Clarence Streit of more recent days.

Still, Mr. Tracy must not be charged with generalizing throughout. Specifically, the fundamental reasons for the mass slaughter of our times number two: one, the doctrine of "manifest destiny"—"and it is right here that Democracy parts company with the old order, that the New World finds itself out of tune with Europe"—and the other, "colonies, colonies, colonies; everywhere you turn they loom up as existing or prospective sources of trouble." These two vices combine to generate imperialism, and this imperialism is righteously abhorred by the democracies of North and South America. (Incidentally, only a few years ago another Roosevelt found popular support for the "manifest destiny" of these United States.)

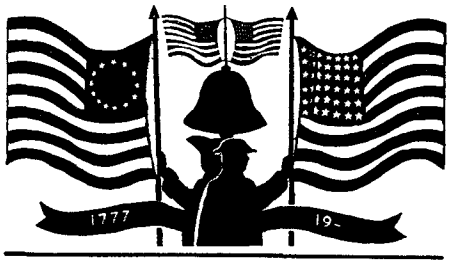
Gang rule raised to the level of ultimate power.

This is refreshing, and a sedative for nerves jangled by the newspapers and the radio. The argument reduces the task of understanding any one of the vastly complicated motives underlying war in the twentieth century to accepting any kindergarten ethical principle: even the not-very-bright little boy next door will understand, say, that there is no evil in good and no good in evil. If we do away with colonies at one stroke, and if we abjure the concept of manifest destiny (both, implicitly, by some form of international legislation, as yet untried), the world overnight will be at peace. The British and French empires may fall apart, but presumably some native means will be found to develop the Congo, to find overseas markets for Indian cotton, and to bring Malayan rubber to Detroit.

This reviewer has no desire to be unfair to Mr. Tracy, and in the past he has himself done his venomous best to stress the iniquities of both British and French imperialism. But it is an appalling over-simplification to regard the British Empire, for instance, as one great system of semi-slavery, from whose component units the Bank of England (or some other monster in London) extorts a fearsome tribute. Some six-eighths of the so-called British Empire is self-administered, and its wealth expended upon its own peoples. Hitler and Goebbels, of course, picture the British Empire as a homogeneous unit administered by Whitehall, but the British government could no more hand over Canada, Newfoundland, or Australia, or New Zealand, or the Union of South Africa to the Reich than it could cede the United States to the Nazis.

Where Mr. Tracy excels is in his history of "the nine great imperialisms" of the last four centuries. Here his "New World Challenge to Imperialism" is factual, orderly, and forthright, and as a primer this material is excellent. Where he fails embarrassingly is in those pious passages that argue, citing distorted precept and example, that the democracies of North and South America offer a practical demonstration to the Old World of how European nations should conduct themselves in modern society and how rapidly peace will materialize, once they adopt our democratic manners.

Lamar Middleton is author of "The Rape of Africa" and "Revolt U.S.A."



Illustrations on this page are from "New World Challenge to Imperialism."

As I Walked by the Water

By Anne Young

AS I walked by the water
And heard its soft dithering,
I perceived the world tremble
As touched were a lutestring:
Then was the grim rock
Molten utterly
To silver; there floated
A pale green butterfly,
Where stood the hill, and Daisies
Ran out of their shadows
As a bride slips away from
Her widowed sisters.

Withal seemed nothing strange,
Earth and water
No more alien,
Each into other
Flowing. But what deep's
Touch cataclysmic
Reveals the hidden waves
Making their music?

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The Notion That Will Not Down

LEST FREEDOM FAIL. By Nathan Ayer Smyth. New York Dodd, Mead & Company. 1940. 138 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

IN spite of perennial attempts at debunking, it seems that Freedom is a notion that will not down. Perhaps it is not even necessary to put nose bags on kittens or handcuffs on babies to discover that every organism naturally conceives and strenuously demands at least half a dozen kinds of freedom. The question for adults is whether a haphazard society can be jockeyed into furnishing the most obvious of the liberties that men have always conceived and demanded. Mr. Smyth's "Lest Freedom Fail" therefore means "Lest *Our* Freedoms Fail *Now.*" Freedom itself is as destructible as respiration, and a dictator destroys the former by laws about as much as a doctor destroys the latter by collapsing a lung—or a gangster by throttling a Brooklynite.

Mr. Smyth's treatment of the subject in its purely contemporary setting is half cultural and half economic. He considers that economic individualism has had its day, yet thinks that government planning of industry is a dangerous form of authoritarianism which will ultimately swallow up intellectual freedom. This linkage of the two, so frequently made, has to my knowledge never been proved. Because in Italy, Russia, and Germany, demoralized peoples had to be recharged with various kinds of energy in order to survive physically and emotionally, it does not follow that a self-respecting nation—though in a humbled mood—would necessarily require a new religion in order to reshape part of its economic life. An "insidious," that is to say a gradual, authoritarianism in economic matters is for that reason preferable to a militant one which is compelled to interfere with art museums and churches in order to get roads built and make youth cheerful.

The real danger is that of establishing, likewise gradually and insidiously, a slow-poke bureaucracy, a vast Circumlocution Office, dedicated to the task of How Not To Do It. That is no doubt the reason why Mr. Smyth repeatedly urges American industry to organize itself with a view to public service, and so forestall its being organized will-nilly by a Newer (and Stronger) Deal. The difficulty lies of course in making the leaders and customers of industry act upon the sales-talk commonplace which says that their interests are in the long run identical. Like so many other duties, this one is theoretically acceptable; practice lags behind because every one says, "After you, Alphonse." For lack of faith, society is thrown back into the state of mutual blackmail and bickering in which we know it best and presumably like it best.

Consequently I do not believe that Mr. Smyth's program of "education" would fulfill his hopes. We are all thoroughly educated to the highest moral duty, yet remain unequal to it. We know what is right, sensible, and in the long run most profitable. The only trouble is, we do not believe what we know. That is why, again, all-embracing religions are resorted to as a means of securing social coöperation. Men seem constitutionally incapable of keeping their mind upon the point and of hitching their emotions to carry out the mind's dictates before it wanders off to other things intertwined with other emotions.

Mr. Smyth's mode of exposition, by the way, is not likely to raise anyone's heart-rate and fasten the needful emotion to the idea of public service. He is decidedly over-cautious in his strictures and over-chary in his suggestions. His short essay has weak joints splinted together with platitudes, and he misses the irony of his own dolefulness, as when he points out that "we can produce our present supplies of farm products with five million fewer people living on the land. In other words agriculture will not support as many individuals as it did. Machines, not men, are called for."

True enough. Seventy-five years ago a young Englishman named Samuel Butler warned us that machines would evolve independently of our will and replace us as master of the earth. We laughed and called him a paradox-monger. He added that this evolution was not fated but could be reversed by men's assertion of faith in their freedom to choose and dispose of their creatures. But an assertion of faith is something more than a form of words or a signed statement. It is a mode of behavior in which heart, brain, and body harmoniously take part. No doubt it is easier to adopt crippling doctrines of fatalism which rationalize our laziness, or ask questions of the heavens about the survival of freedom or delegate to "research" and "experts" the task of human redemption. Meanwhile we act on the contrary faith that we are indeed lost, and Nature, with its superb duplicity, justifies our hypothesis.

Jacques Barzun, a member of the Department of History at Columbia University, is the author of "Of Human Freedom."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

GENTLEMEN OF THE CLOTH

Briefly described below are 10 famous clergymen from the pages of literature. How many of them do you recognize? Allow 5 points for each one you can call by name, and another 5 points if you can also remember the book in which each appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 19.

1. With the help of a simple-minded but fervent disciple, this young hermit put the devil in hell.

2. Head of a Spanish abbey, he succumbed when the devil assumed the guise of a beautiful woman.

3. He startled his congregation by wearing a black veil.

4. A Scotch minister, he married a gypsy girl.

5. This bishop got a new slant on life while he was vacationing on the island of Nepenthe.

6. Under the influence of a nerve tonic for elephants, this dignified bishop painted a statue pink.

7. He was hell bent for heaven.

8. A gluttonous hypocrite, he persuaded a simple-minded husband to give him his fortune and his daughter, and then tried to seduce his wife.

9. He read hymns with a relish, using a rising inflection on each line.

10. After proposing three times to Elizabeth Bennet, this humorless and formal-mannered rector married her dearest friend.

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The Real Fiction in Western Stories

HURST JULIAN

WHAT'S the matter with western stories? The answer is simple: authors of western stories know nothing about the subject.

With the exception of the late Eugene Manlove Rhodes and possibly a few others who never achieved national recognition, no one who ever punched cows ever wrote a western story. Of course, the blame does not lie with the writers, because if they did know anything about cowpunching, they could not sell their work. This might make it seem as though the editors were at fault, but such is not the case. They must give the reading public what it asks for. The fellow who digs up the dimes at the news-stands will continue to dominate western literature and determine its trends regardless of how little he knows about the matter. The west will be garnished according to his tastes regardless of how absurd they may be. The artistic and romantically-acceptable counterfeit has driven the genuine article from the market, and no one seems interested in trying to have it otherwise.

Generally, western characters in western stories are no more than Bowery Bums who have been dressed up in boots and sombrero and transplanted from the streets of New York to the locale of the cow country. The Immortal O. Henry started that practice and his unfortunate mistake has been repeated by practically every writer of westerns ever since.

In a recent survey of western literature covering almost every field and every available writer for the past several generations, close to three thousand stories and articles were examined before one was found which used all western terms correctly and which had no impossible situations. It was written by a novice and published in the trashiest of western pulps. It is significant perhaps that the one truly western story did not belong to a "big name" writer. Of course, the works of Rhodes and Will James and Haycox were purposely excluded from the survey. Will James was the cowboy artist and author—as much of a cowboy as anyone could ever get to be north of the snow line

From the mural by Frank A. Mechau

where cattle have to be brought into the barns and fed hay throughout the long cold northern winters. He errs only when he ventures in fancy to the ranges of the Southwest where the thing called punching cows started and where it reached its highest development.

"Who is a cowboy?" Just as a hasty observation based upon ocular estimate, I think that we would be safe in saying that not one out of ten of all the people who appear to be cowboys — more, who actually believe themselves to be cowboys—ever punched cows a day in their lives or were even on a cow ranch. And it is a cinch that you won't find them where their presence is advertised so properly — the circus and the wild west show. The wild west show is an American institution, but it has no connection with and should never be considered alongside cowpunching and the cattle industry. The most spectacular feats of the circus performer, such as trick riding, trick roping, bulldogging, etc., are as astounding to the cowpuncher as they are to the city dweller—he never saw anything like it before. There are the bronc riders par-excellence such as Tom Mix who probably did most of his cowpunching under canvas and in the offices of the studio publicity department, and who are among the world's best exhibition riders. There are the trick riders such as Ken Maynard who, if he ever punched cows, establishes some sort of record for being the only cowpuncher who ever rode under a horse or while standing up in the saddle. Will Rogers might have been a possible exception. He might have actually punched cows during his younger days, although I have found no record of any such claims in his writings, nor do I recall him saying so during the short periods of our association. He was big enough not to have to resort to the usual buncombe of publicity which supported other famous western characters. But Will Rogers might have turned as many wild cattle as I have, but if he did, he was the only cowpuncher I ever knew or saw who could spin a rope into a whirling circle and I have spent almost thirty years looking for one. Then there are the famous "cowboys" such as Bill Hart who weren't even circus performers and who did their cowpunching before the camera.

Even the publishing houses have their cowboy experts and they never saw a cow ranch either. Of course that statement could not be made from personal knowledge, because obviously I do not know all the experts connected with the publishing business. Still, if any of these experts had been at all familiar with cowpunching and the west in any of its forms it would not have been necessary to wade through their thousand western stories before an accurate one was found.

Perhaps you wonder what I mean by "inaccuracies." They include misuse of western terms, down-east Yankee colloquialisms used for western dia-

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lect, and the development of situations which range from the highly improbable to the utterly impossible according to western customs and usage. An example is in the use of the common and familiar terms "bronco" and "mount." To the writer of western stories the "bronco" is a western horse; indeed, a few of our dictionaries define it as such. That is not exactly incorrect because the bronco is a western horse just as a pole is a tall vertical object. But all poles are not always vertical and Washington's Monument is not a pole although it is both tall and vertical. Strictly speaking the period during which western horses are broncos lasts only from five days to as many weeks in the most extended cases of broncodom. Before they are broncos they are "stock horses." That is another term which has never been used correctly in a western story. No one ever rides a stock horse after stock; when a stock horse is ridden after stock he ceases to be a stock horse and becomes either a bronco or else a saddle horse. The stock horses are the breeding animals; mares, colts, stallions, and geldings which are maturing enough that they may eventually become broncos. When they become grown and the cowpuncher catches both fore feet in a loop which stands the prospective client for broncoism on his head and he gets up from a heap on the ground with a jacimore on him, that second he ceases being a stock horse and becomes a bronco. He is a bronco until he learns to start forward instead of up, to stop inside the same postal zone and to turn on the same ranch from which he started—then a bridle replaces the jacimore, and that minute he ceases being a bronco and becomes a saddle horse unless he decides to continue to fight it out with his rider for all time to come, in which case he is not a saddle horse but an outlaw. As a safe general rule, one could say that if the horse has a bridle on he is NOT a bronco although there are exceptions. Let us hope hereafter that writers of western stories will use the term correctly.

IN the cow country, regardless of what Webster may say, a "mount" consists of from five to twelve horses. If a mount is less than five horses the horses are extraordinarily good ones or else the cowpuncher is exceedingly worthless. The man who couldn't do more riding than five horses can stand is hardly worth his salt on a cow ranch. But in western stories the hero rides his "mount" across the ranges. I cannot help but envision some sort of super-Roman riding exhibition where six or eight horses are being ridden simultaneously by one man. It seems that the law of averages and the conditions governing probability would have let at least one of these three terms be correctly used in a western story at some time, but if it has the phenomenon has escaped my notice.

The matter of dialect is exceedingly annoying to western people, but Easterners insist upon all their characters speaking as they themselves do. Al Jolson made a fortune because he portrayed a Negro who talked like a New Jersey factory hand and O. Henry became a master of the short story because he gave his western characters a sort of Calvin Coolidge system of New England nasality.

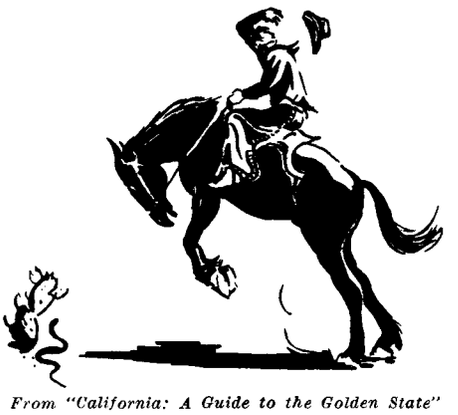
Mark Twain tells a story on himself which illustrates this point. It seems that a friend of his dropped in on him from the east. The friend was unemployed as well as being a Yankee. There was an influential person of the professional Southerner type who, the conspirators believed, might be induced to employ Mark Twain's friend. The famous humorist and philosopher coached the job hunter in the idiom of the blue-grass state and it was planned that he present himself to the Colonel as a Kentuckian. As Mark Twain tells it, the ensuing conversation goes something like this, as the Colonial beams in apparent delight at the prospect of associating himself with a fellow Kentuckian:

"Well, well, well," expanded the Colonel, "so you're from Kentucky."

"Yes sir," replied the pseudo-Southerner, "I be."

"Sir!" indignantly replied the infuriated Colonel as he twitched his goatee, "You *be* just a goddam liar!"

A standard improbability which writers have incorporated in their western stories is the pinto, paint, or spotted horse. There was a time when the cowpuncher rode the pinto pony because he could not get anything better, but he never rode one except under compulsion and was mortally ashamed. Spots on a horse are caused by inbreeding, and inbred horses are usually inferior horses. Some clever stockmen are even breeding the "paints" to sell to easterners who think them *so* western.



From "California: A Guide to the Golden State"

A MORE serious class of errors can be cited as impossibilities. Here we have the standard romantic situation where the hero fades into the sunset on a "milk white stallion," or a "coal black stallion," or some other kind of stallion. The color here is of no consequence, no stallion of any kind can be ridden on a cow work any more than can the mare which the blushingly-expectant heroine rides into the fading dusk. Sexed animals of all kinds are barred from the remuda of a working cow outfit for exactly the same reason that there are two kinds of "waiting rooms" in a railroad terminal and because there are no female hospital corpsmen on a battleship. Sex, as you may have suspected before now, also exists among the four-legged family of animals.

All right, what are we going to do about it? I haven't the slightest idea. Who is a mere cowpuncher to tell the cash customers what a cowpuncher should be like? They have read the standard fallacies so often, and are so confident that they know more about it than the cowpunchers do that it would be a problem ever to change their minds.

It would be almost another safe rule to follow to assume that if a man had ever been connected in any way with a wild west show he had never been on a cow ranch long enough to learn what an ear-mark looked like, although there will be few exceptions to this too. Cowpunching, regardless of all the western stories the circus hands will tell you about their own cowpunching days (they got most of them from dime western pulps) is a distinct handicap for a man contemplating a career as a famous cowboy on public exhibition.

It is disappointing that such publications as *The Saturday Evening Post* do not make some effort to improve the type and quality of western stories. The west should be treated with the same consideration for truthful detail as any other. But apparently writers and editors feel that sufficient research has been done when they have verified the exact date of the death of Jesse James.

In all fairness to *The Saturday Evening Post,* however it should be said that it did publish the works of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, but accepted them only after Rhodes, who had been a cowpuncher for fifteen years, sub-

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mitted supporting affidavits to prove that he had some familiarity with his subject. Not long ago, this magazine published an article by Flora Warren Seymour entitled, "Thunder Over the Southwest," which is probably the only article written recently about Indians by anyone who knew anything whatever about them.

Colliers has been more fortunate. Haycox, who majors in westerns for them, has an almost uncanny knowledge of his subject matter and Alan Le May writes so appealingly that we are willing to overlook his inaccuracies. But Haycox has the system of writing westerns. He usually writes of the cowboys of the North where cowpunching never was a separate and distinct occupation entirely divorced from farming in all forms, and a complete mode of life in itself. That is a fortunate choice of locale for a western story writer because when he gets his cowpunching mixed up with farming, as all western story writers invariably do, it does not constitute an inaccuracy. This is due to climatic influences of the regions north of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. There never was any real cowpunching to do in these parts of the west because the snows were so deep in the winter that cattle had to be farmed instead of ranched as they are in the year-long range country in the Southwest.

The magazine editors are trying, at least some of them are, but didn't get very far. They employ western-looking (at least they look western) fellows who never saw a cow ranch to expert for them, or else they get some famous circus cowboy to edit their manuscripts before publication, and it all turns out the same.

It is useless—more, distinctly detrimental—for the prospective writer of western stories to come west after material. He would be in the west two years before he would learn to distinguish between real cowpunchers and other easterners like himself who are merely playing cowboy to fool those who have more recently arrived from the same east. The fakes appear to be more genuine because they have read more western stories. A summer spent on a dude ranch means nothing because if by a rare chance the proprietor of the place happens to have a cowpuncher in his establishment you may be sure that you will never come into contact with him.

One way you might get the necessary experience to write about the west intelligently is so hard that it has never been tried. You might go to some cowman and ask him to be put to work for your board. Don't offer to pay him although it will be at least a year before you will be able to do enough work on a cow ranch to compensate your employer for what he will lose by your efforts. If you paid him he wouldn't feel like putting you over the rough spots and it is only on the rough spots you can learn. Regardless of how hard you try, you'll still be a damn nuisance around a herd of cattle because when it comes to being amateurish, the amateur sign painter isn't in it with the amateur cowpuncher — it takes two good men to correct the mistakes made by one neophyte.

But the cowman will be so flattered that you hold him and his profession in an idealistic state that he won't mind very much, and maybe after a year he will offer to pay you a dollar for a sixteen-hour day. You will be elated and feel that certainly you are a cowpuncher at long last. But you aren't. Not even a sign of one. That thirty dollars a month merely means you have learned enough so that you are no longer a liability. Just stay with the rigging, and if you are lucky enough not to get killed and apt enough to learn quickly, in a couple more years he will raise your wages. That raise means something—every dollar above thirty a month indicates your positive worth and sometimes it takes years to get the first five of them. Since you have no intention of being a cowpuncher for all your life I would suggest that you resign shortly after you get your first raise because by then you will have begun to learn something of what it is all about. Then you can start writing your western stories—of course you can't sell any of them because the editors won't think them western, but at least you will have learned how.

Hurst Julian is a cowpuncher who says he is "not a writer, just a cowpuncher who learned a lot of words to pass the time away while I was recuperating from the natural accidents of my calling."

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HENRY JAMES OF BOSTON

(*Continued from page 4*)

public good, and the women were bored by business and knew nothing about it. They were no longer required to be mothers of homesteads; they had been largely absolved from their ancient duties; and, with leisure on their hands, in a world that made no provision for leisure, they were drawn to Europe, where leisure was an art. Middle-class women had always felt that they had a right to be warriors' wives; they had wept over romances of knights and princes and followed the patterns of aristocratic ladies. With their instinctive love of valor, these women could not be content with a drab and grubby world of business men; and the more the American male was absorbed in this, the more the women dreamed of castles and titles and a brilliant life of social adventure elsewhere. There were thousands of Madame Bovarys in New York and in Boston, as in San Francisco, Milwaukee, Chicago, and Denver, and they played in fancy with a frequent theme of the French novel, the story of the young wife, tired of domestic monotony, who exchanges the dullest of husbands for the gayest of lovers. The American men had given up their chance of aristocracy, for they had withdrawn from politics and war; and where were the women to find it, since they had a natural craving for it? Where could they find the elegance they also dreamed of?—which existed at home, to be sure, but in no such measure. America had always had its aristocracy, but this had not evolved in native forms. Its forms had remained European, and for this reason, and because it was without prescriptive rights, European aristocrats, who embodied the source of all these forms, possessed in American society a special glamor; and now, with the decay of European aristocracy, together with the growth of American wealth, Europe offered an open field for American social ambition. Was not the example of the Empress Eugénie, the little Spanish girl with the Yankee grandsire, one that all the American girls might follow? The international marriage was one of the striking facts of the moment; and the American magazines swarmed with stories of girls who had caught sham nobles, and sometimes real ones, though more often than not to their sorrow. For they were usually pictured as leading a life of domestic misery; they were often abandoned penniless on some foreign strand. During the years of the Second Empire, Paris had had all the prestige. Americans had praised everything French and were rather inclined to slight everything English. The Napoleon III moustache blossomed on countless American faces, and the happy dream of countless women was to appear at a ball at the Tuileries, Paris abounded with families like the Follanbees; and the young girls, as Mrs. Stowe remarked, longed to be "à la everything Frenchy and pretty," everything "gay and glistening," like the Empress herself, with their hoops and puffs and pinkings and ruffles and bows. No one denied that they succeeded. The legend had arisen that all American women were charming and that their men were always plain, awkward, and dull. Meanwhile, with the downfall of Napoleon and Eugénie, the prestige of London had risen as the centre of fashion. Many of the American suppliants were flocking thither. Add to this the romance of Europe, all the more alluring as American life seemed to grow drabber and drabber, add the rising hunger and thirst for culture, which had become so largely the province of women, and one could understand the great hegira that afforded Henry James the theme of his lifetime.

For this was James's chosen world, the world for which he was foreordained; and he returned to this world in his last long novels. He had even followed the general movement by moving from Paris to London himself, and he pictured Americans in Italy and France before he pictured them in England. Later, when he had largely relinquished his hope of describing English society, he found in this earlier theme a recourse and a refuge, although, just as he attempted to picture the English among themselves, so, in three or four of the novels of his prime, he presented his Americans at home. "The Bostonians" and "Washington Square" were two of his brilliant achievements; and possibly "Washington Square" was the best of them all. The scene of his earliest memories returned to his mind, after he had lived for a while in London, and nothing that he ever wrote was more hauntingly truthful and final than the story of Catherine Sloper, her father, her lover, and her aunt Lavinia Penniman of Poughkeepsie. This perfect little novel was an American classic, surely, an irreplaceable picture of old New York, with its sights and its sounds and its odors; and was not "The Bostonians" almost as much so? James had known these phases of his "huge, queer country," with his Cambridge, his Cape Cod, his Central Park, and with Dr. Tarrant, Verena and Basil Ransome, Miss Birdseye, Olive Chancellor, and so many others. It was true that outside these circles, and even within them, he sometimes failed in verisimilitude; and his Boston was the unloveliest of all the Bostons. His American scene was severely limited, and his American novels were singularly cold beside the warmth and glow of his pictures of Europe. It was in their longing for Europe that he sympathized with his countrypeople; and the ardor with which they shared this motive quickened them in James's mind. "In Boston one can't *live* . . . One can't live esthetically"; and "the great thing is to *live*, you know." What Louis Leverett said, in "A Bundle of Letters," Strether repeated in "The Ambassadors" later; and living, for James and his people, meant going abroad.

What happened to these people? What was the nature of their adventures? And, first of all, who were they? There were dozens of types, and they came from all over America, Washington, Boston, Schenectady, Northampton, San Diego, and one saw them in Florence, in Paris, at Hombourg, at Vevey, or in Baden-Baden,

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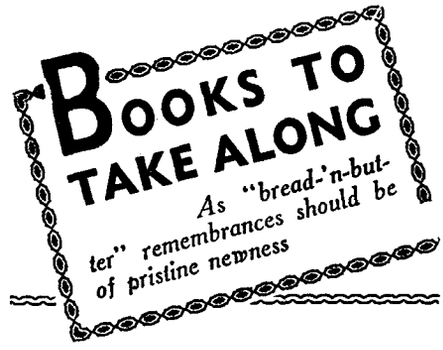
at Geneva, in Rome, or in London. There were business men who had made their pile and were out for entertainment. There were odious society reporters like Mr. Flack. There were broken-down husbands who tagged along with their wives and daughters. There were patient American citizens who were bored by Europe. There were old American Francophiles, who worshipped privacy and good manners, and others who said "Mount Blank," "Amurica" and "Parus"; and there were earnest young men who had rushed abroad to save some charming creature from a French deceiver.

There were young men, sketching in Italy, who had not found at home "a great deal to take hold of," and who, after going back "to see how it looks," hit upon some plan for returning to Europe. There were ministers, on summer vacations, with Mrs. Jameson in their luggage, and young men, passionless, subtle, and knowing, who were always comparing nationalities, contrasting their manners and customs, with a special regard to the ways of the "baronial class." These young men sometimes liked to think that they were "as particular as any Englishman could be"; and they were as eager to know the geography of other countries as they were vague about their own. They were analytical; they went into the "reasons of things," and they were always trying to get visual impressions. Of what did the "character" of objects and persons consist? They were as fastidious about furniture and bric-a-brac as James himself and some of James's women; and this is saying much, for some of these women were always collecting bric-a-brac, material and human. They went in for snuff-boxes, Dresden teacups, altar-lace, and occasionally some "rather good old damask"; and sometimes they were satisfied with members of the other sex whose resemblance to good old damask was their principal charm. These women usually cared a great deal about money, although they disdained the men who made it, who were lacking in "social drapery," more often than not; and, if they returned to America, it was to look after their investments, for they felt that their country existed to provide them with money. Some spent money with implacable persistence. Others travelled in order to economize. They had an inexhaustible knowledge of hotels and pensions, and their rooms became dwellings overnight, with the books they spread about, the flowers, and the draperies; for they had the housekeeping habits of inveterate nomads. There were some who hoped to "get into society," like Mrs. Headway of San Diego; others, born for society, were trying to find it; others carried their Murray in their laps, even when they went to the tailor; others again were marked by a passion for knowledge. There were American women in Paris who smiled at the "bigfooted" English, and there were American wives in London who were better tories than their husbands, and there were others who spent hours looking out of their London windows, longing to "see something of the life." There were small boys, like Randolph Miller, who could not find any candy in Italy—they usually had pale complexions and sharp little features; and especially there were young girls who were variously enchanting—there was always some young man who found them so. A few of these young girls were plain: they had been brought up on "nature."

Others were travelling for culture, and others for fun. Others again had "modelling" and a large infusion of color and mystery; some were brilliant and dashing; some were flirts. There were prettily innocent Daisy Millers who lived in a round of dressing and dancing. They had found at Vevey a better Saratoga, and they flitted hither and thither in their muslin flounces, with their knots of pale-colored ribbon and their thin, gay voices. How light their figures were, how quick their glances, how rapid were their gliding steps, how coquettish their hats! Their profiles were delicate, their tone was full of mockery; and the more discreet Americans wondered where these uncultivated children got their taste. For others were chaperoned, well-bred, and well-conducted, often in the care of mothers who knew their world. Perhaps they had come abroad to learn the art of wearing a train, present a cup of tea, and compose a bouquet. Sometimes they nursed a secret dream of marrying a son of the Crusaders. There were Francie Dossons, Bessie Aldens, Pandora Days, and Linda Pallants, and Isabel Archers who moved in a realm of light; and they were invariably idols of their fathers and mothers, their lovers and masculine cousins, or their uncles and aunts. A chorus of Europeans danced attendance on them, English lords, French counts, Italian guides. There was often some German baroness to forward their matches; and occasionally some stalwart American male became involved with Bellegardes who "pouted at" the Empire. But the delightful American girls were the cynosure of every eye. The world of James, as of Howells, revolved around them.

Such were James's *dramatis personae,* and dozens of others surrounded these principal persons, Henrietta Stackpole, Casper Goodwood, General Packard in Paris, Miss Flora Finch, old Mr. Touchett, the American banker in England—but how could one begin to name them all? This American world in Europe was almost as wide as Howells's world and pictured with a more distinguished art; for, while James's sympathies were narrower than Howells's, the quality of his mind was more intense. And what befell these people? In many cases, nothing, or something so intangible that only James could make it count. They floated on the edges and surfaces of things. Some were initiated, some were detached, some were disposed to treat Europe as a holiday toy, to be thrown away at the dawn of another convenience; but just to be in Europe, in many cases, made their drama, and most of them wished, in one way or another, to merge their lives with the life of Europe. If they were not bewildered by Europe, they were beguiled and charmed by Europe. They were charmed and then they were beguiled; for they were usually innocent creatures, virginal, upright, and open-hearted, and in almost every case they came to grief, for innocence wronged was the theme of James's work. And this innocence was American innocence at the mercy of the dark old world that so charmed it, deceived it, destroyed it, and cast it away.



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Glowing, sensuous, alive, this story of a Jewish maid, wife and mother in a Czarist Russia "pale" of seventy years ago will recall to your mind D. H. Lawrence at his best. There is poetic artistry in this story, with all the five senses alert to warmth, color and feeling in the heroine and her setting. $2.50

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Party Business

THE UNDERGROUND STREAM. By Albert Maltz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1940. 349 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS FILLER

SEVERAL years ago, Mr. Maltz's "The Happiest Man in the World" won the O. Henry Memorial Award, and it is worth noting that second and third prizes went to Richard Wright and John Steinbeck. Mr. Maltz has written other excellent short stories—informed and moving accounts of certain wintery aspects of American affairs. They have lacked something on the side of humor; but then, there is not, and never has been humor in police brutality, when it has occurred, or in vigilante activities, or in moral breakdown resulting from poverty and overwork.

Mr. Maltz has never denied his party bias, but it explains in part why "The Underground Stream" fails so completely. His earlier short stories were less concerned with ways out of depression than with depression itself; his present, first novel, is frankly communist—and stands or falls by his treatment of that theme. Curiously enough, "the party" never emerges clearly from the pages, except in the person of Paul Turner, "typical of a good many of the older functionaries . . ., a man in whom years of work had fused purpose and character into one entity, so that now the individual was indistinguishable from the official." One of those men, no doubt, who stay and stay, and keep their party together no matter what its policies become. There is no story in Turner, unless Mr. Maltz met the issues raised by the Moscow trials, the Krivitsky articles, the Dies Committee on open ground. This he has not seen fit to do. Instead, he has set his stage in Detroit, in order to record certain "historical" events of February, 1936, and to describe the ordeal of Princey, a Communist and a union organizer of Jefferson Motors, kidnapped by agents of the company, and given his choice of turning traitor to his friends and ideals, or of dying.

Albert Maltz's Princey works day and night. . . .

Mr. Maltz's task has been to humanize Princey, to describe the experiences which try his communist ardor and convictions, and to convince us of the importance of his final sacrifice. Princey works by night, his wife by day, and both give full-time to party work. Obviously, their "life together now isn't worth five cents." And what comes of this state of affairs? Interminable discussions between Princey and his wife, between Princey and his comrades, between his wife and his comrades, and between the comrades themselves. Talk compounded from clichés and general frustration. Humor and repartee which, despite "Brother Lenin," remain on one level. ("Cut out the wise-cracks, you rat." "Well, bless my fat bottom, it's Commissar Vanderswill [Vandermill]."") The party that can do no better than that has much to explain—and so have its interpreters. Princey's comment may well be a cry out of the heart: "Sometimes when I see how other people live, I'm almost sorry we've got this communist bug."

Mr. Maltz seems to feel that a showdown battle for America is due between the fascists and the communists—but the reader is not likely to be charmed into forgetting recent and not so recent events—the Nazi-Soviet pact, for example. Mr. Maltz seems to believe that the struggle for social justice must proceed underground. But "the left" is shamefaced and apologetic today, and even "the party" swears formal loyalty to the Constitution.

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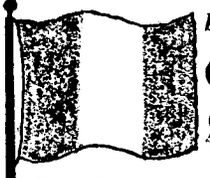

by Gertrude Stein

France's most acute observer has written the book of the hour—a brilliantly vivid portrayal of the France that is gone, a profoundly moving tribute to the France that is undying. 'Gertrude Stein has unforgettably remembered France," writes "Genet" of the *New Yorker* in the *New York Herald Tribune*, "PARIS FRANCE is one of her saddest and funniest, deepest and easiest books to read."

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GRASSLEYES MYSTERY *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Enigmatic Britisher takes villa on Riviera, and elderly lady owner drops dead—poisoned. Variety of odd fish solve puzzle.	Crackerjack opening chapter—and the rest is pleasant enough in customary smooth E. P. O. style.	Amusing
I DON'T LIKE CATS *Lindsay Anson* (Crime Club: $2.)	English journalist aids police in finding slayer of addle-pated friend and friend's pater.	More of a study in psychoses than a mystery, but has its moments of excitement.	Unusual
DEATH DEMANDS AN AUDIENCE *Helen Reilly* (Crime Club: $2.)	Corpse in 5th Ave. dept. store window attracts crowds and McKee of Center Street.	Deeply-plotted, high-strung and subtly-worked-out tale of family villany in N. Y. suburbs.	Very good

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The Lore of Hawaii

HAWAIIAN MYTHOLOGY. By Martha Warren Beckwith. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 575 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

MARTHA WARREN BECKWITH is not only an investigator in the field of Hawaiian mythology: she is a historian of Hawaiian culture, and her interests are in romance and poetry as well as mythology. More than any other scholar I know of she is fascinated by the soul of the remarkable Kanaka-Maori people; she is thrilled by every expression of that soul whether it is its addiction to sorceries or its love of flowers and fragrances. She knows the landscape of Hawaii and its language, and she has friends amongst the survivors of the native learned classes. She writes clearly and freshly, and always with a sense of the imaginative elements in this lore. And as a scholar she knows the work of other scholars in the history and anthropology of the Polynesian people. There is no better guide than Martha Warren Beckwith in this domain. Here one should say that Hawaiian lore is part of the lore of the Polynesian race and it can only be understood in reference to the whole.

The difference between Hawaiian and the mythologies we are more or less familiar with—Greek, Norse, Egyptian, Babylonian—is the difference between a forest and a public park. In the familiar mythologies the underbrush has been cleared, the area has been formalized, noble growths have been left standing, and the tangled growths that let us know how wild and dark some of it was only can be glimpsed here and there. In Hawaiian mythology the wildness and fecundity of the forest is still around us: there are rare and beautiful growths, but a savage nature shows itself queerly and darkly. What impresses one is the endlessness of the growth. This is a mythology that controlled every personal life, that left a mark on every place, that gave a sanction to every undertaking, that reflected the history of a widely scattered race. However, one only speaks relatively when one says that Hawaiian mythology is unordered. One of the interesting things that Martha Warren Beckwith shows is that priests and chiefs, immigrants with their own family gods, influenced and ordered it. But it could never be brought to the clearness and order that are in the mythologies we are familiar with. For the Hawaiians—and this is true of all the Polynesians—are the most animistically-minded of peoples: for them there is a spirit in every tree and rock; they are poets, too, and they think in a language that cannot be abstract and that must be always metaphorical and imagistic.

There are gods or akua, there are demi-gods or kupua; there are ancestral guardians or aumakua: these last are venerated in bodies of plants and in physical nature, or, after strange births, they appear as human beings and do extraordinary feats. The aumakua in their human form give rise to most of the Hawaiian stories. All the mythical conceptions are dominated by the idea of ancestry, ancestry from a divine parent stock, and grades of rank as revealed in family geneology.

This is a mythology that was flourishing a little over a hundred years ago, and that from the time of its displacement by Christianity has been recorded and studied by native scholars and Hawaiian born Americans and Europeans; it still has its devotees. Miss Beckwith speaks of "traditional belief to-day in its compromise between the official religion accepted from foreign teachers and the family gods inherited through the irrevocable tie of blood and still to be held sacred and venerated by their descendants." This scholar speaks of a childhood spent at the foot of the House of the Sun in the windy island of Maui. "We were aware," she says "of a life just out of reach of us late comers but lived intensely by the kindly, generous race who had chanced so many centuries ago upon its shores." It is this sense of a life intensely lived and now just out of reach that gives a poetry to this book on what is perhaps the most interesting of mythologies.

Padraic Colum is the author of "Old Pastures," "Cross Roads in Ireland," and "Children of Odin," "Orpheus: Myth of the World."

LITERARY QUIZ ANSWERS

(*Questions on page* 12)

1. Rustico, in *The Decameron,* by Boccaccio.

2. Ambrosio, in *The Monk,* by Matthew Gregory (Monk) Lewis.

3. Mr. Hooper, in *The Minister's Black Veil,* from *Twice Told Tales,* by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

4. Gavin Disheart, in *The Little Minister,* by James Barrie.

5. Mr. Heard, in *South Wind,* by Norman Douglas.

6. Boko Bickerton, in *The Bishop's Move,* from *Meet Mr. Mulliner,* by P. G. Wodehouse.

7. Rufe Pryor, in *Hell Bent fer Heaven,* by Hatcher Huges.

8. *Tartuffe,* by Moliere.

9. Rev. Mr. Sprague, in *Tom Sawyer,* by Mark Twain.

10. Mr. Collins, in *Pride and Prejudice,* by Jane Austen.

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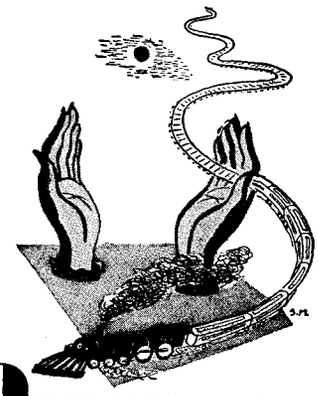

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THE NEW BOOKS

Belles Lettres

THE LIVES AND TIMES OF ARCHY AND MEHITABEL. By Don Marquis. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 269 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is the omnibus volume of the famous cockroach and alley cat. They started on their gay and nefarious careers back in the early 1920s, and twenty years have not staled their infinite variety. George Herriman is their fit illustrator as always. All his drawings are here. One of the late Don Marquis's happiest efforts, this strange history of the cockroach who wrote his autobiography by jumping up and down upon typewriter keys, and of the romantically promiscuous feline who was "toujours gai," should take future generations captive as it has taken ours. The Free Verse Cockroach—do you remember—wrote as they trudged the desert back from Hollywood whence Mehitabel had been forcibly ejected from every studio—

> after all she remarked kittens
> are but passing episodes in the life
> of a great artist i may have been
> given the bums rush from six auto camps
> in three days but hells bells
> i am still a lady

which is enough in itself to start us all reaching for the book and saying, "Yes, but listen; *this* was the choicest —!" Which really amounts to immortality! W. R. B.

Fiction

NO SILVER BELLS. By Phyllis Hambledon. Dutton. 1940. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Frankly sentimental is Miss Hambledon's story, so frankly that we are quite disarmed. It is an honest tale of the heart and its education, and when we note that its heroine is a governess, and that its form is almost wholly epistolary—one long letter, in fact, to a lover — we see at once its deep obeisance to the epistolary romances of Richardson. It is queer to read a tale like this today, and to see that the same modest charm and the same sense of chaste gentility may still be brought to life out of the eighteenth century formula. Miss Hambledon has made her little Scotch governess, who turns at last into a sadly wise and eloquently literate lady of the heath, a sincere and credible person. If we will forbear to apply any modern measure to either her self or her tale, we shall find both to be highly appealing.

N. L. R.

CELIBATE AT TWILIGHT. By John Mosher. Random House. 1940. 296 *pp.* $2.

Readers of the *New Yorker* will need no tempting review to induct them to this collection of brilliant "shorts" written by one of its staff. To those readers who prefer the *S.E.P.* school it may well be a pain in the neck. For as caviare to the New England boiled dinner, so are these subtly pungent little tales to the usual run of magazine fiction. There are dozens of them and six are enhanced by the sophisticated drawings of the delightful Mary Petty. Many have already been printed in the *New Yorker,* and a goodly proportion concern the muted existence of the inimitable Mr. Opal who first appeared in its pages several years ago, and with the completely inconsequential talk and thoughts of the hostesses, guests, seashore vacationists whom he meets at parties, dinners, and the like while prospecting for diversion. The first taste like that of a good wine, may seem gentle and mild, but it is in the aftertaste that we recognize the richness of the flavor, and sense the wallop of irony that lies behind the seeming quiet of the author's humor. Some of the sketches are more devastating than others, but their quality is surprisingly uniform. Choose any at random, and if you like it at all, you will want to read them all. But not at one sitting, for in this, too, they are like caviare and good wine, and must not be gulped.

That Sally Benson and John Mosher are two personalities residing in one envelope I should have suspected long since. The discovery although late, adds considerably to my pleasure and I shall cherish it.

M. S. U.

THE SALVATION OF PISCO GABAR, AND OTHER STORIES. By Geoffrey Household. Little, Brown. 1940. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Although the title story of this collection is quite the best, the reader will find an extraordinary variety in Mr. Household's short stories, and very few among them that do not reward his attention with a natural charm that is all the author's own. His best stories grow easily out of the place and people, with unforced situations and a range of subject that is surprising. There is a murder mystery, set in the eastern Carpathians, with a theme of horror running through it that, for the civilized European, raises horror to a new high; there is the simple study of an exiled Cockney in New York, who finds exaltation, and a bizarre release from his bonds—at the Zoo; a theological morality with the convincing atmosphere of a medieval tale; and, next in high spirits and originality after "Pisco Gabar," the hilarious travelogue of a dare devil Cornishman and a South American Vice President, under the corny eye of Doña Clara, the statesman's wife. One returns to "The Salvation of Pisco Gabar," not because these and such short pieces as "Water of Iturrigori" or "Technique" lack any of the craft of perfectly told tales, but because the first story is a little masterpiece of the picaresque. Gabar embodies that deathless type of obstinate, hard-skinned, irreverent trader-adventurer often met with in English fiction but rarely with such understanding and success as here, and his viz-a-viz, the old priest Don José-Maria, is an equally immortal blend of the shrewd primitive and the follower of St. Francis—who boasted that God had made him ignorant because so many of the people were that way. When these two meet in stalemate, something has to give way, and rich humor supplies the chorus.

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The least successful of these stories is the longest and the closest to home, that of a London butler's love affair with a London porter's wife. It has it's moments of laughter, but in the end strains patience and credulity. If you put this volume on your shelves you will take it down to reread at least four of its stories. And that is a fine average for any small company of short fiction.

O. J.

Miscellaneous

FOREST OUTINGS by Thirty Foresters. Edited by Russell Lord. Washington: United States Department of Agriculture. 1940. 311 *pp., with index.*

This very useful and very readable book is a description of the life, the value, and the nature of our many forest reserves, accompanied by a good map. But this is merely the basis of the book. As written, it is divided into chapters discussing the distribution of game, the use of the waters, dangers of fire, problems of timber, recreation in the wilderness, winter sports, and so on, until the book constitutes a general guide book of our forest reserves, and particularly an account of what they mean and what they can mean to the people of the United States. Very few questions can be raised that are not answered somewhere in these informal articles. The book is particularly recommended for anyone who this summer intends to get out into the woods, north, south, east, or west. The extent and nature of our forest reserves in Alaska and in Puerto Rico will be a surprise even to readers who are aware of what our foresters have done.

H. S. C.

YOUR ALLERGY AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT. By June B. Cohen and Milton B. Cohen, M.D. Lippincott. 1940. 177 *pp.* $1.50.

Twenty years ago to the mental and physical wretchedness of the hay fever sufferer was added spiritual insult. The learned doctors had labeled him "nervously unstable" and the implications of that phrase were too well known. But science has changed all that. With the discovery of allergy the hay-feverites together with all their fraternity—sufferers from hives, certain eczemas, asthmas, and a host of other explosive disturbances—have moved up into very select society indeed. Has not one researcher recently claimed that more often than not allergies belong to the world's intellectual aristocracy, and that, forsooth, because of a "hyper-sensitivity of their brain cells?"

Dr. Cohen is one of our leading authorities on allergic conditions. He finds that allergic patients are extremely curious about their disease, and so he has prepared for them and their families this little book, and with the help of his daughter set down all the answers in an engaging and non-technical fashion. Detailed discussion of the bio-chemistry and physics underlying the cellular phenomenon have been sensibly avoided. These to the initiated are among the most exciting discoveries in recent medico-science, but to most readers they are as Greek. And without them plenty of drama remains to hold the allergic's attention. He will learn how grandpa's asthma conditioned his own life, and how his violent reactions to shellfish are reflected in Junior's aversion to the family cat. For allergy is an inherited idiosyncrasy whose form may change from generation to generation but whose grasp on the genes seems unrelaxing. Many of its protean shapes are described, together with the method of diagnosis and treatment. One chapter deals with hay fever, and sufferers may take heart from the news that if they are good and do as they are told, forty out of a hundred will be able to escape their misery while many more will be relieved. Much, we are told, has been accomplished by the allergists, but much remains yet to be discovered. Treatment is still largely confined to the avoidance of contacts with offenders, and the allaying of symptoms. The real

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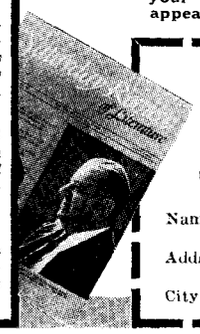

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M. S. U.

Travel

HORIZON HUNTER. By Harrison Forman. McBride. 1940. 314 *pp., with index.* $3.

"Exploration. Adventure. The Far Places. Magic words to most of us," says Harrison Forman quite truly. "Well, what makes an explorer?" Mr. Forman asks. "How does he get that way?" Answering his own question, Mr. Forman says that "exploration is simply a manifestation of that insatiable desire in all of us to see what's over there . . . beyond . . . on the other side."

True. But "Horizon Hunter" is less a record of exploration than an exciting chronicle of Harrison Forman's ten-year pursuit of those wills-o'-the-wisp, Adventure and Romance—his quest of them from the wind-swept steppes of bleak Siberia across China, Tibet's Roof of the World, and the Soviet Union to war-torn Poland, with digressions into Formosa and Hollywood. As others have learned, these sirens, in their most alluring guise, always appeared to be just beyond the horizon, and Mr. Forman chased them there, never becoming quite convinced that Romance is an illusion and Adventure a memory.

As a swift, vivid saga of high adventuring by one of "us kids who refuse to grow up, refuse to be restrained by responsibilities and dignities," "Horizon Hunter" recounts the author's rich, virile, and full experiences selling American military planes to the Chinese for use against Japanese aggression; his travels along the trail of Marco Polo, battling Chinese bandits and narrowly escaping death; his life with wild Tibetan tribesmen and Formosan headhunters; his peeps behind the Potemkin front of Soviet Russia; his photographing of wars in the Orient and Poland—demonstrating beyond question that he has the courage of a buffalo, the nerve of a Jerusalem jackass, and the luck of the blessed.

As an interlude, Mr. Forman came from Tibet to Hollywood and spent a year as technical director for Frank Capra's production of James Hilton's "Lost Horizon." The night the picture was first shown, Mr. Forman headed back to China and Tibet, to resume his search for a Shangri-la, which he will probably find one day in his own questing heart.

L. W.

'ALLO GOOD-BY. By Zephine Humphrey. Dutton. 1940. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

This is one of those travel books of which the most exigent reviewer can speak no ill; indeed he must wish it well because the author is evidently a very charming person and unpretentiously if somewhat tepidly, tells of the adventures which moved her. It is the gentle story of the wanderings by car of Zephine Humphrey and her artist husband, from their home in Vermont down the Ocean Highway to Florida, across the southern states to Texas, south along the Pan-American Highway into Mexico and finally in a loop through our central states to home, "to the best place and best people in the world." They were seeking, most of the time unsuccessfully, for the dry climate needed by the author's sick ear and had an enjoyable jaunt visiting old churches, markets in Mexico, scenes of geographic beauty and historic horror, doing many of the things that many a tourist would like to do. The author collapsed without fuss when she was tired and spoke her mind politely about indifferent boarding houses. Whether she describes her joy in digging for Indian skeletons or her disgust of big game fishermen or her sporting tolerance of the slap of a tire chain, her emotion is infectious and sincere. There is nothing of Mexico in her book which has not been told, often better, elsewhere. She really didn't like the country, though she "wouldn't have missed it for the world."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 328)

FRANCIS HOPKINSON
*THE NEW ROOF**

The rafters now frame, your king-posts and braces,
. . . . . .
Let wisdom and strength in the fabric combine,
And your pins all be made of American pine;
For our roofs we will raise, and our song still shall be
United as states but as citizens free!

*(1787-8)

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 2)

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GENERAL

ASTROLOGY is real or it is false. Have you any real reasons for your opinion of it? Wynn's Astrology Magazine will give you some. Read it.

Double-Crostics: No. 329

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1 - X	2 - M	3 - U	4 - D	5 - F	6 - R	7 - V	8 - N	9 - C		10 - W	11 - D	12 - X	13 - E	14 - A
15 - L	16 - S		17 - T	18 - R	19 - A	20 - H	21 - Q	22 - L		23 - S	24 - L		25 - S	26 - O	27 - T	28 - D
	29 - I		30 - W	31 - F	32 - G	33 - P	34 - M		35 - U	36 - O	37 - D		38 - E	39 - L	40 - Q	41 - C
42 - H	43 - M	44 - F		45 - R	46 - Y		47 - M	48 - T	49 - Q	50 - C		51 - G	52 - P	53 - E	54 - R	55 - L
56 - S		57 - L	58 - S		59 - E	60 - H	61 - Q	62 - X	63 - K	64 - F		65 - C	66 - M	67 - H	68 - B	
69 - A	70 - R	71 - F	72 - P	73 - M	74 - C		75 - P	76 - E	77 - J	78 - S	79 - U	80 - H		81 - W	82 - B	83 - N
84 - S	85 - V	86 - C		87 - T	88 - K	89 - B	90 - O	91 - A		92 - G	93 - B	94 - K	95 - P		96 - X	97 - Y
	98 - V	99 - A	100 - C		101 - R	102 - S	103 - I		104 - X	105 - M	106 - K	107 - D		108 - L	109 - T	110 - N
111 - H	112 - M		113 - T	114 - X	115 - R	116 - K		117 - Y	118 - I		119 - O	120 - J	121 - K	122 - P	123 - U	124 - Q
125 - Y	126 - M		127 - I	128 - B		129 - R	130 - I	131 - Y		132 - I	133 - C	134 - Q		135 - F	136 - N	137 - K
138 - V	139 - S	140 - P	141 - Y		142 - D	143 - S	144 - N	145 - Y	146 - U	147 - J	148 - O	149 - G	150 - X	151 - E	152 - P	153 - B
	154 - Y	155 - D	156 - L		157 - W	158 - B	159 - P	160 - L	161 - J	162 - F	163 - O	164 - V		165 - S	166 - I	
167 - X	168 - I	169 - G	170 - M	171 - D	172 - L		173 - X	174 - A	175 - W	176 - F	177 - P	178 - U	179 - K	180 - O	181 - J	
182 - F	183 - E	184 - R	185 - W	186 - T												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Place in juxtaposition.

B. Posy.

C. Goddess (with Isis) of the dead (Egypt).

D. Mother of Alcmaeon (Seven Against Thebes).

E. Enchant.

F. U. S. president.

G. Afloat.

H. Defender of Debs in famous trial.

I. 9th century Persian dynasty.

J. Sing loudly, freely.

K. Russian Court favorite (1871-1916).

L. Pandora's husband.

M. King served by Hercules.

N. Pope's triple crown.

O. Greatest in quantity and degree.

P. Tendency to emanation.

Q. Baseball shelter for players.

R. Investigator.

S. Comic supplement trolley (Fox).

T. Inconvenient.

U. Thumping or rapping.

V. Place-title of Lord Ronald (Scott).

W. Like Athena's sacred bird.

X. Homesickness.

Y. Yellowish.

WORDS

99	174	69	14	19	91						
68	128	153	82	89	93	158					
133	50	100	74	65	41	9	86				
28	155	11	142	4	107	171	37				
59	76	38	183	53	151	13					
176	162	5	135	31	182	64	71	44			
149	92	32	51	169							
20	67	60	111	42	80						
127	132	118	166	29	130	168	103				
161	147	120	181	77							
88	106	63	137	179	116	121	94				
156	160	39	22	172	57	108	55	15	24		
47	2	105	34	73	170	66	126	43	112		
8	110	93	144	136							
163	180	36	26	119	90	148					
152	159	72	140	122	177	33	52	95	75		
134	61	49	21	124	40						
18	115	129	45	184	101	54	70	6			
16	165	58	102	139	56	84	23	78	25	143	
87	17	27	113	109	186	48					
3	35	123	178	79	146						
7	98	138	85	164							
185	10	81	175	157	30						
150	96	173	12	1	167	104	62	114			
141	154	97	145	125	117	46	131				

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE most significant sociology overheard by Old Q. this week was said by a young Southern woman on her way home to the Carolinas. "I'm taking a Willkie button with me," she said, "to prove to my folks that I've been up No'th." ☞A wholesome antidote to the occasional resurgence of those mischievous lists of Hundred Best Books, etc., can be found in Albert Mordell's *Dante and Other Waning Classics* and his courageous pamphlet *The Shifting of Literary Values*—if you can lay hands on them, which is not easy. ☞As far back as 1912 Mr. Mordell foresaw modern changes of taste or need and bravely tried to wrestle with the vast weight of lethargy and hearsay in literary criticism. ☞Like all enthusiasts, his courage sometimes outran discretion; but how enjoyable it was just when and where it happened. ☞Our eccentric correspondent E. T. L., from whom we hear about once a year, has his annual grievance. "When I made my summer visit to New York," he writes, "I went as usual direct to *Snorty West Forty* as an excellent little trattoria on 46th was nicknamed in a recent novel. I got there the very day when its stock and fixtures were being sold by the U. S. Marshal on account of a judgment awarded (if I correctly remember the official notice) at the instance of the Royal American Bank, which sounds like a Canadian outfit? Like many other Dollar Dinner Gourmets I shall miss that peaceful little bar with the red leather settees, the painting of the racehorse, and Alfredo's delicious ravioli and risotto (flavored with saffron). It seems a pity that the group of radio officials who mostly frequented it—playing their quiet game of cards there every day at lunch time—never gave it any publicity. Even *Life* magazine took photos of it as the scene of a romantic episode in fiction, but none of those who enjoyed the old place ever helped it along with free advertising. To have identified it as the original of *Snorty West Forty* would surely have sent in many new customers; but I guess they were all afraid of being overrun with out-of-towners like me. You literary people are terrible snobs." ☞We are just as sorry as E. T. L. that the little place he mentions has closed; Old Q. was certainly one of its most faithful customers. ☞Just the same, E. T. L. perhaps doesn't realize what happens to peaceful little cafés that get written up in the papers.

★ ★

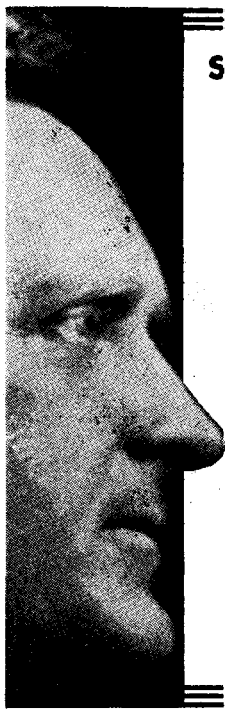
☞Mr. W. S. Hall, of Snyder and Hall, lately returned from a trip down the West Coast of South America (he opened 40 new accounts for North American publishers) reports that he travelled without samples or dummies but used copies of Pocket Books as a kind of calling card, with excellent results. ☞E. P. Dutton and Co. have asked Van Wyck Brooks to sign 997 copies of *New England: Indian Summer*, a $10 de luxe edition; the regular edition ($3.75) will be a selection of the Book of the Month Club. ☞We shall be interested to see what book sleuth, if any, notices the difference between the American and English editions of Laski's *The Presidency*. ☞Wilfred Funk, Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, have just issued their first catalogue, announcing a number of interesting books for this autumn. Among them is an unusual discovery, *The Jefferson Bible*. This was a scrapbook of the sayings of Christ which Thomas Jefferson extracted from the Bible and arranged in a sequence of his own for private meditation in troubled times. ☞Several distinguished bookmen contribute remarks of hope and congratulation in Mr. Funk's first catalogue, notably Ben Abramson, Van Wyck Mason and William Saroyan. ☞The latter says: "Publishing is the only business in the world I have always wanted to be in. It is the business I shall get in if and when the time comes for me to get into a business." ☞Some publishers maintain however that it is not a business at all, but an allergy against wealth. ☞Mr. R. C. Southworth of San Francisco very kindly sent us his copy of *The Riddle of the Sands* (by Erskine Childers) to replace ours that went missing. We have reread it, found it absorbing and certainly of almost fantastic timeliness. ☞Irwin Edman, writing in *The Key Reporter* (magazine of the Phi Beta Kappa Society) suggests a revival of "the philosophical dialogue, now almost obsolescent, yet in good hands one of the most beautiful and communicative forms of imaginative art. Santayana's *Dialogues in Limbo* are a good illustration of what I mean." Donald Gordon in the American News Company bulletin for July calls *The Death of Lord Haw Haw* "the most extraordinary story of the month."

★ ★

☞A bookseller recently received an order for *Elizabeth*, by Malcolm Johnson. ☞She wrote carefully explaining that the client must have misunderstood the character sketch of "Elizabeth" written for the Book of the Month Club News by Malcolm Johnson, Doubleday's editor-in-chief. ☞By return mail the would-be customer wrote indignantly, rebuking the bookseller for stupidity. "I want, and must have," she said, "that witty and delightful book my friend told me about, *Elizabeth*, by Malcolm Johnson. Send it at once." ☞This problem is now referred to Mr. Johnson himself.

★ ★

☞Poor Old Q., easily rattled, got a circular he supposed was announcement for some new detective story: *The Mystery of the Belching Cesspool*. He then found it was actually what it said, an advertisement for a "cesspool rejuvenator." ☞An edition of Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Literature* dated 1859 has been in constant use for 81 years in the Public Library of North Conway, N. H. The discovery was the result of an offer made by the publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, to allow a substantial refund for old sets on orders for the new edition of Chambers.



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LITTLE, BROWN

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